

*Ursuline Convent
New Rochelle.*

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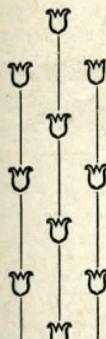
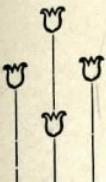
FOR VOCAL INTERPRETATION

JUVENILE

By the Ursulines of St. Teresa



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PREFACE

HAVING been solicited from time to time by teachers to collect suitable selections for our schools, we send forth this first collection, hoping it will serve the purpose of gift-book and recitation, as well as a supplementary reader.

Our series will be classified as "Juvenile," "Humorous and Dialectic," "Patriotic and National," "Devotional and Pathetic," "Pen-Pictures and Proverbs," "Historical, Dramatic, and Legendary." With the last named will be given illustrations suggestive of tableaux and costumes.

As many of the selections have been clipped from old papers and magazines, some from copies and some from memory, not knowing to whom the publication is due, we trust we will not be deemed discourteous in using without mentioning the authors or publishers. We are indebted for the courtesy extended in permitting the use of their publications, to the editors of the Ave Maria, The Rosary, Catholic World, Donahoe, Scribner, Century, Werner's, Cosmopolitan, Messrs. Houghton and Mifflin, and Harper Bros.

THE URSULINES OF ST. TERESA.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

EDITH'S SECRET.

HARK! I've a secret to whisper!

Listen—but don't you tell,
'Cause it isn't mine to be giving,
And it isn't mine to sell!

I went in the orchard this morning,
To gather some clover blooms,
For the bees in the hives—so busy
They can't leave their dungeon glooms!

An' while I was there I looked up
An' saw—now don't you tell,
'Cause if Bob should hear (he's my brother)
There's nothing he'd like so well!

I saw up there in the branches,
'Most hidden by leaves an' boughs,
A wee soft nest—just the dearest
And tiniest birdie's house!

An' what do you s'pose was in it?
I climbed up an' almost fell—
(Hush! there comes Bob) four bird's eggs!
Remember, you mustn't tell!

“THE FIRST SNOW.”

DROP pretty snowflakes, one by one;
 Don't be afraid of the noonday sun,
 Build up your palaces crystal white,
 Aladdin-like, in a single night.

Hide the old fences under your veil;
 Cover the dimples of hill and of dale;
 Don't let the trees go naked, but place
 On their shivering limbs a web of your lace.

Visit the martin-house if you will,
 Or lodge all night on my window-sill;
 Call on the well sweep, and wreath it about,
 With fringes, as well as the waterspout.

Give to the doorbell a fleecy cap,
 Send the salt haycocks an ermine wrap,
 And drift just enough to make this world look
 As if it had stepped from a fairy book.



JACK FROST.

OH, HOW the wind blows!

Oh, how the cold grows!

Jack Frost will catch you,

Look out for your toes!

There he has just kissed you—

Kat-chew!!

APRIL FOOLS.

SHY little pansies
 Tucked away to sleep,
Wrapped in brown blankets
 Piled snug and deep,
Heard in a daydream
 A bird singing clear:
“Wake, little sweethearts,
 The springtime is here.”

Glad little pansies,
 Stirring from their sleep,
Shook their brown blankets
 Off for a peep,
Put on their velvet hoods,
 Purple and gold,
And stood all a-tremble
 Abroad in the cold.

Snowflakes were flying,
 Skies were grim and gray,
Bluebird and robin
 Had scurried away;
Only the cruel wind
 Laughed as it said,
“Poor little April fools,
 Hurry back to bed.”

Soft chins a-quiver,
Dark eyes full of tears,
Brave little pansies,
Spite of their fears,
Said, "Let us wait for
The sunshiny weather;
Take hold of hands, dears,
And cuddle up together."

EMILY H. MILLER.



THE SILVER SMITH.

THERE'S a worker in silver so skilled and so famed,
That the work of all others is sadly shamed.
Not a touch of his hand but some beauty grows,
Some wonderful carving of fern or of rose.
Of birds on the wing and of children at play—
Every scene you could think, some sad and some
gay.

So noiseless he works, like a dream it would seem—
His tracings of woodland and meadow and stream.
And the strangest of all, not a pencil nor tool
Has this wonderful worker in nature's great school.
When the world is asleep is his busiest time;
Then he weaves crystal fringes of silvery rime;
And he hangs them about on the branches of trees,
Where they sparkle and glow in the cold northern
breeze.

He covers the grass with a glittering lace,
And leaves on the hedges a feathery trace
Of his marvelous skill. In the midnight gloom
You may hear the sound of his fairy loom
And his elfin laugh. Not a moment is lost
By this wonderful worker, whose name is Jack Frost.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

Golden Days.



FREDDIE'S FIRST SNOWSTORM.

'TWAS Freddie's first winter in Northland,
And full many strange sights did he see;
Bare trees and brown fields and gray heavens,
Quite common to you and to me.
But Fred found them novel, and liked them:
He said that the cold was "great fun";
And as soon as the mill pond froze over,
His heart to the Northland was won.

At last, one dull day came a snowstorm:
Fred watched it with wide open eyes;
And the faster and thicker the flakes fell,
The greater appeared his surprise.
"Say papa"! he cried through the doorway,
And his tone told of lively delight,
"There's a flour mill bursted in heaven,
And the ground here is gettin' all white."

AVE MARIA.

A WELCOME GUEST.

THE elm trees sway and the night winds sigh,
As the sandman drops from the moon on high.
His dream bag over his shoulder swings,
And he rides on the fairy goose's wings.
Down, down through cloudlets white
The sandman speeds across the night.

An elfin troop, with merry din,
A sprite and fay and hobgoblin,
Whirl ever round in mazy rings
The fairy goose's outspread wings.
But on, on, the darkness through
The fairy goose flies straight and true.

From north to south and east to west,
The sandman is ever a welcome guest,
And wherever he goes, in what far lands,
The children smiling throw out their hands—
“Sandman come, we are ready for bed,”
They murmur as lower he bends his head.

“A pinch of sand for little one’s eyes
And a nice little dream,” he gayly cries;
“A pinch of sand and a sweet little dream
To woo them gently o’er fancy’s stream.
Sleep! sleep! ’twill soon be day,
When dream and fairy must vanish away.”

Then the children go trooping hand in hand
 To the magic realms of sunset land,
 By the road that winds by the slumber hills,
 Past whispering fountains and fairy rills ;
 But heigh ho ! when the journey's o'er,
 They'll wake in their own little beds once more.



FAIR PLAY.

THERE are two little words that are dear as his honor
 To the everyday boy whom we meet at our school.
 He may walk round the street with a chip on his
 shoulder,
 But if you join battle, fair play is his rule.

All he asks of a comrade, a foe, or a neighbor,
 This everyday fellow, whom you and I know,
 Is that friendship be loyal, and battle be open,
 And fair play be practiced with friend or with foe.

And so be it comrade, or foe, or near neighbor,
 In the march or the fight, or the heat of the game,
 Whatever the stress of the fun or the labor,
 He calls for fair play, and he renders the same.

Only cowards and braggarts would seize an advantage
 That was not allowed in the rules of the game ;
 Our boy is as brave as the knight in the tourney :
 He asks but fair play, and he renders the same.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Harper's Round Table.

WHAT THE WOOD FIRE SAID TO THE LITTLE BOY.

WHAT said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair,
When the blaze was burning bright?

The wood said: "See
What they've done to me!
I stood in the forest, a beautiful tree!
And waved my branches from east to west,
And many a sweet bird built its nest
In my leaves of green
That loved to lean
In springtime over the daisies' breast.

"From the blossomy dells
Where the violet dwells
The cattle came with their clanking bells
And rested under my shadows sweet,
And the winds that went over the clover and wheat,
Told me all that they knew
Of the flowers that grew
In the beautiful meadows that dreamed at my feet!

"And the wild wind's caresses
Oft rumpled my tresses,
But, sometimes, as soft as a mother's lip presses

On the brow of the child of her bosom, it laid
Its lips on my leaves, and I was not afraid ;
And I listened and heard
The small heart of each bird
As it beat in the nests that their mothers had made.

“ And in springtime sweet faces
Of myriad graces
Came beaming and gleaming from flowery places,
And under my grateful and joy-giving shade,
With cheeks like primroses, the little ones played,
And the sunshine in showers
Through all the bright hours
Bound their flowery ringlets with silvery braid.

“ And the lightning
Came brightening
From storm skies and frightening
The wandering birds that were tossed by the breeze
And tilted like ships on black, billowy seas ;
But they flew to my breast,
And I rocked them to rest,
While the trembling vines clustered and clung to my
knees.

“ But how soon,” said the wood,
“ Fades the memory of good !
For the forester came with his axe gleaming bright,
And I fell like a giant all shorn of his might.

Yet still there must be
 Some sweet mission for me:
 For have I not warmed you and cheered you to-
 night?"

So said the wood in the fire
 To the little boy that night,
 The little boy of the golden hair,
 As he rocked himself in his little armchair,
 When the blaze was burning bright.

FRANK L. STANTON.

Atlanta Constitution.



"PLEASE EXCHANGE."

"MAMMA," said Susie, "to-day teacher read :
 'What you pray for you'll surely receive ;'
 So I think that I'll ask for white rose perfume,
 And I'll get it, I'm sure, Christmas eve."

Christmas day dawned, and Miss Susie rejoiced
 In a bottle of "Lubin's best";
 But finding it violet and not white rose,
 She was grieved, it must be confessed.

That night a thought struck the wise little head,
 And not thinking her step at all strange;
 She wrote on a card, made fast to the cork:
 "Deer Lord, i want rose, Pleas exchange."

BEDTIME.

THREE little girls are weary,
Weary of books and of play;
Sad is the world and dreary,
Slowly the time slips away.
Six little feet are aching,
Bowed is each little head;
Yet they are up and shaking
When there is mention of bed.

Bravely they laugh and chatter,
Just for a minute or two;
Then, when they end their clatter,
Sleep comes quietly to woo.
Slowly their eyes are closing,
Down again drops every head,
Three little maids are dozing,
Though they're not ready for bed.

That is their method ever,
Night after night they protest;
Claiming they're sleepy never,
Never in need of their rest.
Nodding and almost dreaming,
Drowsily each little head
Still is forever scheming
Merely to keep out of bed.

WASHINGTON STAR.

THE LAY OF AN EGG.

*A PRETTY WHITE EGG AND WHAT GOOD MRS. BIDDY'S
FRIENDS SAID ABOUT IT.*

GOOD Mrs. Biddy has laid a white egg,
Cluck! cluck! cluck!

And she is as proud as a hen can be,
And calls to her friends to come in and see,
Cluck! cluck! cluck!

The first to appear was old Mother Duck,
Quack! quack! quack!

"What have you got there, dear Mrs. Hen?
Only an egg? I'm sitting on ten!"
Quack! quack! quack!

The next one to come was the stable cat,
Miaow—ow—ow!

"A cat, my dear, may look at a king,
But what's to see in that round, white thing?"
Miaow—ow—ow!

Then a laugh was heard that was gruff and loud,
Hee! hee! haw!

And Neddy looked over the orchard wall.
"What a fuss," said he, "about nothing at all."
Hee! hee! haw!

Poor Mrs. Biddy sat down to cry,
Cluck! cluck! cluck!

"I was proud of my pretty white egg," said she,
"But eggs seem common as common can be."

Cluck! cluck! cluck!

But Towzer cried, as he picked his bone,
 Bow! wow! wow!

"You've done your duty, so don't you mind
If folks say things a little unkind."

 Bow! wow! wow!

So good Mrs. Biddy took heart again,
 Cluck! cluck! cluck!

"I won't care a button what some folk say!"
And she laid a pretty white egg each day.

 Cluck! cluck! cluck!

After awhile those eggs were hatched,
 Cheep! cheep! cheep!

The chicks were the dearest of dear little things,
With nice little heads and nice little wings!

 Cheep! cheep! cheep!



THE PIGEONS.

THESE are the eggs so smooth and round
That held the wonderful secret.

This is the nest where the eggs were found,
The pretty white eggs so smooth and round,
That held the wonderful secret.

This is the pigeon with soft, gray breast,
Who sat all day on the loose straw nest,
The nest where the pretty white eggs were found,
Her own little eggs so smooth and round,
That held the wonderful secret.

This is the pigeon-house safe and high
(Where never a prowling cat could pry)
Where lived the pigeon with soft, gray breast,
Who sat all day on the loose straw nest,
The nest where the pretty white eggs were found,
Her own little eggs, so smooth and round,
That held the wonderful secret.

This is the barn which the farmer had filled
With hay and grain from the fields he had tilled,
The barn near which stood the pigeon-house high
(Where never a prowling cat could pry)
Where lived the pigeon with soft, gray breast,
Who sat all day on the loose straw nest,
The nest where the pretty white eggs were found,
Her own little eggs, so smooth and round,
That held the wonderful secret.

This is the bin full of corn so good,
The little gray pigeon's favorite food,
That was in the barn which the farmer had filled
With hay and grain from the fields he had tilled,
The barn near which stood the pigeon-house high
(Where never a prowling cat could pry)

Where lived the pigeon with soft, gray breast,
Who sat all day on the loose straw nest,
The nest where the pretty white eggs were found,
Her own little eggs, so smooth and round,
That held the wonderful secret.

This is the child, so thoughtful and kind,
Who went to the bin the corn to find,
The bin full of corn so yellow and good,
The little gray pigeon's favorite food,
That was in the barn which the farmer had filled
With hay and grain from the fields he had tilled,
The barn near which stood the pigeon-house high
(Where never a prowling cat could pry)
Where lived the pigeon with soft, gray breast,
Who sat all day on the loose straw nest,
The nest where the pretty white eggs were found,
Her own little eggs, so smooth and round,
That held the wonderful secret.

And when the child threw the corn about,
The little gray pigeon came fluttering out
From the door of the pigeon-house safe and high,
And the child heard a faint little cooing cry,
A sweet little, wee little murmuring sound ;
For instead of the eggs, so smooth and round
(Perhaps the wonderful secret you've guessed),
Two baby pigeons were in the nest.

GRANDMA'S KITCHEN.

GRANDMA's kitchen got in a riot,
The cream in the pot on the shelf,
Where everything always seemed peaceful and quiet,
Got whipped, for I heard it myself,
And grandma had such a queer thing to say—
"That it made some things better to whip them that
way."

Some bold, naughty eggs, that refused to be eaten
On toast with their brothers may be,
Were stripped of their clothing and cruelly beaten,
Right where all the dishes could see,
And grandma said, tho' the poor things might ache,
The harder the beating, the lighter the cake.

The bright, golden butter was petted and patted,
And coaxed to be shapely and good,
But it finally had to be taken and spatted
Right hard with a paddle of wood;
When grandma carried the round balls away
The buttermilk sulked and looked sour all day.

The water declared that the coffee was muddy,
But an egg settled that fuss,
Then the steak and the gridiron got in a bloody
And terrible broil; such a muss!
And a flatiron spat at grandma in the face,
And I ran away from the quarrelsome place.

LITTLE NAN'S OFFERING.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

THE great wide gates swung open,
The music softly sounded,
And loving hands were heaping the soldiers' graves
with flowers;
With pansies, pinks, and roses,
The fairest, sweetest blossoms that grace the spring-
time bowers.

When down the walk came tripping
A wee, bareheaded girlie,
Her eyes were filled with wonder, her face was grave
and sweet;
Her small brown hands were crowded
With dandelions yellow,—
The gallant, merry blossom that children love to
greet.

Oh, many smiled to see her,
That dimple-cheeked, wee baby,
Pass by with quaint intentness, as on a mission
bound;
And, pausing oft an instant,
Let fall from out her treasures
A yellow dandelion upon each flower-strewn mound.

The music died in silence,
A robin ceased its singing;

And in the fragrant stillness a bird-like whisper
grew,
So sweet, so clear and solemn,
That smiles gave place to tear-drops;
“Nan loves ‘oo darlin’ soldier; an’ here’s a fower
for ‘oo.”

WERNER’S MAGAZINE.



THE LILAC.

THE sun shone warm, and the lilac said,
“I must hurry and get my table spread,
For if I am slow, and dinner is late,
My friends, the bees, will have to wait.”

So delicate lavender glass she brought
And the daintiest china ever bought,
Purple tinted, and all complete;
And she filled each cup with honey sweet.

“Dinner is ready ! ” the spring wind cried;
And from hive and hiding, far and wide,
While the lilac laughed to see them come,
The little gray-jacketed bees came hum-m !

They sipped the sirup from every cell;
They nibbled at taffy and caramel;
Then, without being asked, they all buzzed : “We
Will be very happy to stay to tea.”

CLARA DOTY BATES.

SONG FOR WASHINGTON'S DAY.

LONG years ago in sunny South,
There lived a noble youth;
He never told a falsehood, for
He always spoke the truth.

(CHORUS.)

While the birds were sweetly chirping,
On each leafy twig o'erhead,
Little Georgie did the mischief
That in story oft we've read.
Full of joy, and boyish wonder
That his hatchet was so keen —
Just another missing stripling
From the smiling orchard green.

One day his father called him, and
He asked him if he knew
Who cut the little cherry tree
That in the meadow grew.

"Oh father dear," said loyal George,
"I cannot tell a lie:
We cut the little cherry tree,
My hatchet here, and I."

He told him all, he told him where,
He told him when and how —

Oh, what a difference there is
Between those times and now!

The Purple.

THOMAS E. CAVANAUGH, '96.



A PLACE FOR THE BOYS.

WHAT can a boy do, and where can a boy stay,
If he is always told to get out of the way?
He cannot sit here, and he must not stand there.
The cushions that cover that fine rocking chair
Were put there, of course, to be seen and admired.
A boy has no business to ever be tired.
The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom
On the floor of the darkened and delicate room,
Are not made to walk on—at least, not by boys;
The house is no place, anyway, for their noise.

A place for the boys—dear mother, I pray,
As cares settle down round our short earthly way,
Don't let us forget, by our kind, loving deeds,
To show we remember their pleasures and needs;
Though our souls may be vexed with problems of life,
And worn with besetments and toiling and strife,
Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart and
mine—

If we give them a place in their innermost shrine;
And to life's latest hour 'twill be one of our joys
That we keep a small corner—a place for the boys.

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT.

CHIMES.

UNDER the tree the farmer said,
Smiling and shaking his wise old head :
“Cherries are ripe ! but then you know,
There’s the grass to cut and the corn to hoe ;
We can gather the cherries any day,
But when the sun shines we must make our hay ;
To-night, when the chores have all been done,
We’ll muster the boys for fruit and fun.”

Up in the tree the robin said,
Perking and cocking his saucy head :
“Cherries are ripe, and so to-day,
We’ll gather them while you make the hay ;
For we are the boys with no corn to hoe,
No cows to milk, no grass to mow.”
At night the farmer said : “Here’s a trick,
Those roguish robins have had their pick.”

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



THREE LITTLE FAYS FROM FROSTLAND.

THREE little fays from Frostland
Came floating to earth one night,
When the moon was high in the heavens
And the stars were big and bright ;
But these three little fays from Frostland
Were by far the loveliest sight.

They were dressed in the finest lace-work
That by mortals ever was seen;
For the cold North wind had wrought it
With his mighty breath, and keen,
And these three little fays from Frostland
Were dressed as befits a queen.

They trailed their shimmering garments
O'er meadow and bush and tree,
And over the city pavements
They skated in elfish glee;
You see they were out for a frolic,
These fairies from Frostland, three.

Nobody saw them coming,
Though the moon was shining bright;
Nobody heard them passing,
For a fairy's step is light;
They came and they went in the silence
Of the cold and starry night.

Next morning the grass had jewels
That naught but a fay could wear;
On the window panes were pictures
That no mortal hand traced there—
But the three little fays had vanished
To their home in Frostland fair.

HELEN M. L. RICHARDSON.

AN EXCELLENT LESSON.

IN A crack, near the cupboard, with dainties provided,
A certain young mouse, with her mother, resided ;
So securely they lived in that snug quiet spot,
Any mouse in the land might have envied their lot.

But one day the young mouse, who was given to
roam,

Having made an excursion, some way from her home,
On a sudden returned, with such joy in her eyes,
That her grave, sedate parent expressed some sur-
prise.

“Oh, mother,” said she, “the good folks of this
house,

I’m convinced have not any ill-will to a mouse ;
And those tales can’t be true that you always are
telling,

They have been at such pains to construct us a
dwelling.

“The floor is of wood, and the walls are of wire,
Exactly the size that one’s comfort require ;
And I’m sure that we there should have nothing to
fear,

If ten cats, with their kittens, at once should appear.

“ And then they have made such nice holes in the wall,
One could slip in and out with no trouble at all ;

But forcing one's self through such crannies as these,
Always gives one's poor ribs a terrible squeeze.

" But the best of all is, they've provided us well,
With a large piece of cheese of most exquisite smell;
'Twas so nice, I had in my head to go through,
When I thought it my duty to come and fetch you."

" Ah, child," said the mother, " I believe, I entreat,
Both the cage and the cheese are a terrible cheat;
Do not think all that trouble they take for our good;
They would catch us and kill us all there, if they could.

" As they've caught and killed scores, and I never
could learn
That a mouse who once entered did ever return!"
Let young people mind what the old people say,
And when danger is near them, keep out of the way.



WHAT A LITTLE GIRL SAID.

I THINK this kitty's awful mean,
For when I washed her head,
She drew her paw across my arm
And marked the place with red.

But when I tried to brush her hair
She grumbled all beneath,
And when I got my finger back
I knew she'd cut her teeth.

THE LITTLE BIRD TELLS.

IT'S strange how the little boys' mothers
Can find it all out as they do,
If a fellow does anything naughty,
Or says a thing that's untrue !
They'll look at you just for a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it —
For a little bird tells !

Now where the little bird comes from,
Or where the little bird goes,
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of the crows,
If his voice is as hoarse as the raven's,
Or clear as the ringing bells,
I know not, but this I am sure of —
A little bird tells !

The moment you think a thing wicked,
The moment you do a thing bad,
Or angry, or sullen, or hateful,
Get ugly, or stupid, or mad,
Or tease a dear brother or sister —
That instant your sentence he knells,
And the whole to mamma in a minute
That little bird tells !

You may be in the depths of the closet,
Where nobody sees but a mouse ;

You may be all alone in the cellar,
 You may be on the top of the house ;
 You may be in the dark and silence,
 Or out in the woods and the dells—
 No matter ! Wherever it happens
 The little bird tells !

And the only contrivance to stop him
 Is just to be sure what you say —
 Sure of your facts and your fancies,
 Sure of your work and your play ;
 Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
 Be gentle and loving as well,
 And then you can laugh at the stories
 The little bird tells !



CONFIDENTIAL.

LISTEN to me schoolmates ;
 Be quiet as a mouse ;
 I'll tell you a secret,
 Old Spring is cleaning house.

The wind does the dusting,
 The rain slops about,
 And when the sunshine dries it
 She'll bring her flowers out.

EMMA EGGLESON.

A QUARREL IN THE OVEN.

OH, THE gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl,
They had a quarrel one day;
Together they sat on the oven shelf,
The piecrust fry and the gingerbread elf,
And the quarrel commenced this way:

Said the gingerbread boy to the piecrust girl:
“ I'll wager my new brown hat
That I'm fatter than you and much more tanned,
Though you're filled with pride till you cannot stand,
But what is the good of that? ”

Then the piecrust girl turned her little nose up
In a most provoking way.
“ Oh, maybe you're brown, but you're poor as can
be;
You do not know lard from a round green pea !
Is there aught that you do know, pray ? ”

Oh, the gingerbread boy, he laughed loudly with
scorn
As he looked at the flaky piecrust.
“ Just watch how I rise in the world ! ” cried he ;
“ Just see how I'm bound to grow light ! ” cried she,
“ While you stay the color of rust.”

So the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl
They each of them swelled with pride,

Till a noise was heard in a room without.
A cry of delight, then a very glad shout,
And the oven was opened wide.

Then the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl
Could have screamed and wept with pain,
For a rosy-cheeked lass and a small, bright-eyed
lad
Took a big bite of each—yes, this tale's very sad—
So they'll now never quarrel again.

TRUTH.



THE LITTLE INVALID'S PRAYER.

"YOU'RE better this morning, Kittie;
So while I go downstairs
To get you a little breakfast,
You'll have time to say your prayers."

She folded her hands devoutly,
And her Angel must have drawn near
To gather her words for Heaven,
As her childish voice rose clear.

She began the "Our Father," and pausing,
Her mother heard her say:
"I ain't better enough for bread yet,
Please give us our toast to-day."

THE LITTLE LAZY CLOUD.

A PRETTY little cloud away up in the sky,
Said it did not care if the earth was dry ;
'Twas having such a nice time sailing all around,
It wouldn't, no, it wouldn't, tumble on the ground.

So the pretty little lilies hung their aching heads,
And the golden pansies cuddled in their beds ;
The cherries couldn't grow a bit, you would have
pitied them ;
They'd hardly strength to hold to the little slender
stem.

By and by the little cloud felt a dreadful shock,
Just as does a boat when it hits upon a rock ;
Something ran all through it, burning like a flame,
And the little cloud began to cry as down to earth
it came.

Then old Grandpa Thunder, as he growled away,
Said : " I thought I'd make you mind 'fore another
day ;

Little clouds are meant to fall when the earth is
dry ;

And not go sailing round away up in the sky."

And old Grandpa Lightning, flitting to and fro,
Said : " What was you made for, I would like to
know,

That you spend your precious time sailing all around,

When you know you ought to be buried in the ground?"

Then lilies dear and pansies all began to bloom,
And the cherries grew and grew till they took up
all the room.

Then by and by the little cloud, with its duty all done,

Was caught up by a rainbow and allowed a little fun.



SELECTED.

A CONCLUSION.

"IF I was a fellow's mother,
I'd never, never see
A single thing that fellow did
That wasn't meant for me.

"I'd let him stay out after dark ;
I never would say 'No,'
Because that stirs a fellow up
And spoils his temper so !

"I'd say, 'Play first and study next',
And, 'Do not go to bed,
No matter what o'clock it is,
Until your story's read.'

“I would not know he’d been kept in,
Or ask the reason why.
I’d be quite blind to all such things,
Or kind of pass them by.

“I’d give him pudding, pies, and jam,
And marmalade and cake—
But would not even mention bread—
And all the nuts he’d take.

“Oh, were I a fellow’s mother—
A certain one’s I know—
Wouldn’t he have the slickest time !
You’d better believe it’s so !

“But—if I was that fellow’s mother,
I wonder if I would
Do half that fellow’s mother does
For him? Or be—so good?

“I wonder if I’d mend his clothes
Without a single scowl?
And only say, ‘Gently, dear boy,’
At his most horrid howl?

“I wonder if when he was sick
I’d be so awful kind?
And never breathe ‘I told you so !’
Or, ‘Reg, you didn’t mind !’

“But only sit and bathe his head
In such a peaceful way,
With something sort of sweet and cool,
For maybe half a day?

“Yes—now that I think it over,
It’s a most lucky go
That I’m not that fellow’s mother;
For the fellow’s sake, you know!”



HOW IT CAME TO BE WATERED.

A CITY boy to the country gone
Is like a fish on land,—
So many things in the fields and woods
That he doesn’t understand.
Last week our Edward—a man of five—
Was out at his uncle’s farm,
Where the beasts and birds, the plants and the
weeds,
Had for him a novel charm.
One day at dinner his uncle said:
“What’s the matter with Daisy now—
This milk’s as blue and tastes as poor
As if it was watered, I vow.”

Then up spoke Edward: "I know that it is;
For before she was milked by Frank,
She stopped in the creek, on her way to the
barn,
And drank, and drank, *and drank!*"

L. W. REILLY.



THE WOOD-SPRITE.

How black, how bleak, how cold, how wild !
Squirrels and mice don't know what's fun ;
They skulk below in fur three-piled,
Nor show their nose till all is done.

How blows the snow, how branches bow,
Cut to and fro, lash high and low !
Till crack ! alack, they snap and go.
Oh night of ruin, night of woe !
To-morrow, to the wood-folks' sorrow,
Many a fine tree, lying low,
Will show with top-twigs in the snow.

But naught care I should pines fall pat,
I rise from 'neath them like the air ;
Or, 'gainst the trunks blown, like a bat,
I cling and stay suspended there.
Or, should a spruce bough scurry by,
With cones up-pointed, leaf tufts trailed,
I board it, and away speed I,
The maddest voyage ever sailed.

I skip and skim, and bang and bump,
And bounce and jump, and thud and thump,
And chase ten devils round a stump;
Till rolled in snow, a frozen lump,
I tumble where some soul must stumble
Upon me—down he flounders plump
Like a lost soul at doomsday trump.

Last night, the deacon, hurrying past,
On good works bent, my form did find.
He picked me up and stood aghast,
But wrapped me from the bitter wind,
Then ran through banks and brakes and drifts,
And plunge he did, and slip, and slide,
And fall off rocks, and stick in rifts,
Before he reached his cold fireside.

Then, while he plies the fire, and tries,
With puffing cheeks and smarting eyes,
His best to raise a flame—my cries
They drown the tempest, pierce the skies;
Hooting, calling, yelling, squalling,
Like everything that runs or flies,
To the good man's wild surprise.

ROGER RIORDAN.

BUTTERCUPS.

ADAPTED FROM ANGELIQUE DELANDE IN THE "ROSARY."

Now the fields are yellow with buttercups, let us pick some of them. How bright they are, like a baby's smile! And because Little Buttercup is so bright and smiling she shall be Queen of the meadow. See how her golden crown shines with the drops of dew, like diamonds! Let us look at her gown, see! it shines like satin, and it has pretty white stripes like embroidery. If you can count them you will see there are five pieces in her gown, each shaped like a heart. We call them petals. Now look closer, see all these fine silky threads. This is our Buttercup's beautiful hair. How soft it is, how yellow, just like the lovely sunshine. When you are older you will study all about the flowers, and you will learn that each of these little threads is called a stamen, which means a thread. We love the buttercup dearly, because she comes in May and stays all summer, and we can always twine a wreath of these bright flowers for our sweet Lady.



QUEEN BUTTERCUP.

I KNOW a large green meadow
Not very far away,
Where in the sweet warm sunshine
The happy children play.

There 'mid the slender grasses,
That claim her as their own,
Queen Buttercup is sitting
Upon an emerald throne.

She wears a golden circlet
Begemmed with diamonds rare;
At noon the dancing sunbeams
See their own image there.

Her gown, of shining satin,
The finest in the land,
Is daintily embroidered
By Nature's royal hand.

Her hair, so soft and silky,
Has caught the sun's own hue,
And rivals in its beauty
The violet's modest blue.

Dearly the children love her,
And leave their noisy play,
Around her throne to gather
The livelong summer's day.

She smiles to see them coming,
And scatters at their feet
A shower of golden blossoms,
Their flying steps to greet.

Oh! she's a winsome lady,
The fairest ever seen!

Hail Buttercup, the Golden !
Our gracious meadow Queen !

ANGELIQUE DELANDE.

Rosary.

BABY AND THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

DARLING, she said, when baby Anne
Babbled in church, kneel down my dear ;
And keep as quiet as you can,
For Christ the Blessed Lord is here.

Where is he ? baby whispered low —
Behind that little golden gate ;
And is he very small ? Oh ! no,
He is very, very, very great.

The lids above the bright eyes drooped
When awestruck baby spoke once more :
How very low he must have stooped
To get in at that little door.

Oh ! wisdom of the guileless tongue,
Revealing God's great mystery !
Through mouths of babes and sucklings young,
He speaks his truths to you and me.

A God within yon casket cooped !
Oh infinite ! surprise finds vent ;
How very low Thou must have stooped,
To dwell within the sacrament !

Incident.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

KATHERINE'S PRIZE.

A FATHER said to his daughters three,
“Whoever will make and bring to me
An offering that, beyond compare,
I deem is the most unique and fair,
On her I joyfully will bestow
A prize she may not blush to show.”

The daughters smiled and went their way,
To ponder many a happy day,
Until, at last, fair Margaret brought
A pair of mittens all gayly wrought,
And said, “These, father, I’ve made for you,
With thoughts and hopes that are fond and true.”

He thanked her, with an indulgent air,
As he drew the mittens on with care.
“To make them beautiful,” he declared,
“No effort certainly has been spared.
But do you not think, my dear, in these
My poor old hands would be apt to freeze?”

Then Helen came with a smoking cap,
And laid it upon her father’s lap.
He looked it over, inside and out,
And said, “This would, I have no doubt,
The praise of all connoisseurs provoke,
But you know, my love, I do not smoke.”

Next Katherine, with the tender eyes
And radiant smile, in simple guise,
Approached, and like roses, blushing red,
"Dear father," in modest tones she said,
"A loaf of bread I have brought to you,
Though more, far more, would gladly do."

Proudly and fondly the old man smiled,
"Is not this bread the staff of life, my child?"
And surely," he cried, "all will agree
That the promised gift belongs to thee."
And Katherine, with the tender eyes
And radiant smiles, received the prize.



THE LITTLE BIRD'S LESSON.

"LITTLE bird, little bird, in the old apple tree,
How joyous and happy and gay you must be;
Your life is so merry, your voice full of joy,
While I am a poor little unhappy boy.

"You have nothing to do but to spread out your wing
And fly where you wish, or to sit still and sing,
For everyone listens to hear your sweet song,
While I have to study the whole morning long."

"Little boy, little boy, do you know what you say?
You think I have nothing to do all the day?
I've a dear little wife, birdies one, two and three,
And a snug, leafy home, in the old apple tree.

"Sometimes I have naught for my loved ones to eat,
Then they get hungry and cry out for meat;
Or, for fear the boys should steal them, my watch I
must keep,
And at eve I must sing all my darlings to sleep.

"So you see, little boy, we have both work to do;
And now you must study and try to learn, too;
Then you will be happy as happy can be,
Nor envy the bird in the old apple tree."



TOMMY'S KINDLING.

"WILL my dear bring his mamma some kindling
Right now? for I've something to bake,—
Something good, and we'll have it for dinner;
It might be a big ginger cake."

"'Es, I'll b'ing 'oo a load in my 'aggon,"
And away in a twinkling he sped;
But the wagon was set for a horse power,
So he started in search of his sled.

But the calves in the orchard were racing,
So, tying the sled to the bars,
For an hour he made one in the frolic,
And then with the baby played cars.

Asleep he was carried from dinner,
But the nap was a short one, and then

Round a tortoise and toad in the garden
He built a commodious pen;

After that dug a well with the penknife
His uncle had sent him from town;
Then chased all the cats up the maples,
And waited to see them come down.

That evening, when twilight was falling,
A sled clattered up to the door,
And a wee, tired boy was unloading
Five green little chips, and no more

MARY T. FERRON.

LONDONDERRY, PENN.



WISHES AND WORK.

SAID one little chick, with a funny little squirm,
"I wish I could find a nice fat worm."
Said another little chicken, with a queer little shrug,
"I wish I could find a nice fat bug."
Said a third little chick, with a strange little squeal,
"I wish I could find some nice yellow meal."
"Now, look here," said the mother, from the green
garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast you must get up and
scratch."

SELECTED.

A SMALL BOY.

YOU think I do not dare to talk
Because I am so little,
But every boy must learn to walk
Before he learns to whittle.

When little Henry Clay was young,
He was afraid and bashful,
But when he learned to use his tongue,
He used it very rashful.

When Daniel Webster first began,
He could not speak a letter,
But when he grew to be a man,
He did a great deal better.

So every boy should do his best,
No matter where he stands, sir;
And now I think I'll take a rest
And let you clap your hands, sir



THE OAK AND THE MISTLETOE.

KING of the primeval forest,
A giant oak tree grew,
Lifting his haughty forehead
Up to the summer's blue.

Close to his feet a brooklet
 Sparkled the whole day long ;
He was a happy monarch,
 Content with the streamlet's song,

Till softly the temptress whispered
 (Glistening in emerald green) :
“ Ah, let my life enfold thee,
 Lord of the sylvan scene !

“ Ever thy rude strength gracing,
 My tendrils fond shall climb ;
Ever thy might embracing,
 Through years of love sublime.”

And the foolish oak tree listened,
 Dreaming of her bright charms ;
While closer and always closer
 She clasped him in her arms.

Still does the ivy flourish,
 By his warm heart's blood fed, -
The grand old king of the forest
 Stands withered now and dead.

S. H

GRASSHOPPER GREEN.

GRASSHOPPER GREEN is a comical chap,
He lives on the best of fare;
Bright little jacket and trousers and cap,
These are his summer wear.

Out in the meadow he loves to go,
Playing away in the sun;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun !

Grasshopper Green has a dozen wee boys;
And as soon as their legs grow strong,
Each of them joins in the frolicsome joys,
Singing his merry song.

Under the hedge in a merry row,
Soon as the day is begun,
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun !

Grasshopper Green has a quaint little house,
It's under the hedge so gay;
Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,
Watches him over the way.

Gladly he's calling the children, I know,
Out in the beautiful sun;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun !

WAKE UP, LITTLE DAISY.

WAKE up, little daisy, the summer is nigh,
The dear little robin is up in the sky ;
The snowdrop and crocus are never so slow,
Then, wake up, little daisy, and hasten to grow.
Wake up, wake up, wake up, little daisy,
And hasten to grow.

I tease pleasant sunshine to rest on your head,
The dew and the raindrops to moisten your bed,
And then every morning I just take a peep,
To see your little face, but you're still fast asleep.
Wake up, wake up, wake up, little daisy,
And hasten to grow.

Mother often tells me, if I would be wise,
And honored, and happy, I early must rise ;
So I'm up in the morning, and out in the dew,
With all the little birds, and the honey bees too.
Wake up, wake up, wake up, little daisy,
And hasten to grow.

Listen, little daisy, I'll tell you what's said,
The lark thinks you're lazy, and love your warm bed,
But I'll not believe it, for now I can see
Your bright little eyes softly winking at me.
Wake up, wake up, wake up, little daisy,
And hasten to grow.

WHICH KNEW BEST.

AN OLD mother robin and daughter one day
Were frantically chattering over the way.

I played I was robin, and listened so well,
Their story, I think I can truthfully tell.

“Mamma Robin, I’ll build in that cottonwood tree;
The top of the bough will be sightly for me.”

“Nay, child, your first nest,” she flew down to show,
“Much better be here, in this crotch far below.”

“The crotch will do well for old fogies like you,
Who know no more now than your grandparents
knew.

“Our cousins, the orioles, much better know how;
Like them, I will build on the end of a bough.”

Mother Robin looked grave, and, muttering, said,
“Really, something is lacking in that robin’s head.

“Ah, well, she must learn for herself—anyhow,
By the end of the season she’ll know more than now.”

So she built her own nest as she always had done,
And left to her fate the poor silly young one.

The sequel I’m sure is quite easy to guess;
In the fall there was one foolish robin the less.

She had learned it was useless for robins to plan
To swing their rude nests where an oriole can;
For, losing her nestlings, as well as her nest,
She reasoned quite wisely, "Old robins know best."
"But where was Mr. Robin?" I hear you all say;
Why, letting Mistress Robin have her own foolish way.

The Interior.

ALICE HAMILTON RICH.



A DISASTROUS RIDE.

SOME little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage,
They drove a playful breeze,
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.

But oh! there were so many
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them
And carried them all home.

A CAPTAIN BOLD AND BRAVE.

"WHERE are you going to sail to-day
Away with the wind and wave,
And what will you bring me home to-night,
My captain bold and brave?"

And the captain bold and brave replied,
As he set the snowy sail:

"I am going to-day to the North Pole first,
And I'll bring you home a whale!"

"Where else will you go, my captain dear,
What else will you bring to me?"

"I'll go to China when I come back,
And bring you a pound of tea."

"And when from China you have returned,
Where else will my captain go?"

"To Italy then, I'll sail the next,
And see the oranges grow."

"And will you voyage anywhere else,
Oh! captain brave and bold?"

"Oh! yes, to California, too,
And get you lots of gold."

So the captain dear set his snowy sail,
And bravely started away,
California, Italy, China, the Pole,
To reach in a single day!

Without a misgiving, a doubt or a fear,
He happily sailed away,
To North, to South, to East and to West,
All in one single day !

And steered him straight, touching all his ports,
In even less than a day,
For when captains are only eight years old
They're always sure of their way.



ONLY A BOY.

ONLY a boy, with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun ;
As brimful of mischief and wit and glee
As ever a human frame can be,
And as hard to manage as — ah ! ah, me !

'Tis hard to tell ;
Yet we love him well.

Only a boy, with his fearful tread,
Who cannot be driven, but must be lead ;
Who troubles the neighbor's dogs and cats,
And tears more clothes and spoils more hats,

Than would stock a store
For a year or more.

Only a boy with his wild, strange ways,
With his idle hours on busy days ;

With his queer remarks and odd replies,
 Sometimes foolish and sometimes wise ;
 Often brilliant for one of his size,
 As a meteor hurled
 From the planet world.

Only a boy who will be a man
 If Nature goes on with her first great plan —
 If water or fire or some fatal snare
 Conspire not to rob us of this, our heir,
 Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our care
 Our torment, our joy,
 "Only a boy ! "



DOROTHY'S MUSTN'TS.

I'M SICK of "mustn'ts," said Dorothy D ;
 Sick of "mustn'ts" as I can be.
 From early morn till the close of day,
 I hear a "mustn't" and never a "may."
 It's "You mustn't lie there like a sleepy head,"
 And "You mustn't sit up when it's time for bed";
 " You mustn't cry when I comb your curls";
 " You mustn't play with noisy girls";
 " You mustn't be silent when spoken to";
 " You mustn't chatter as parrots do";
 " You mustn't be pert, and you mustn't be proud";
 " You mustn't giggle or laugh aloud";

"You mustn't rumple your nice clean dress";
"You mustn't nod in place of a yes."

So all day long the mustn'ts go,
Till I dream at night of an endless row
Of goblin "mustn'ts," with great big eyes
That stare at me in shocked surprise—
Oh! I hope I shall live to see the day
When some one will say to me, "Dear, you may";
For I'm sick of "mustn'ts," said Dorothy D;
Sick of "mustn'ts" as I can be.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



THE DAISIES.

AT EVENING when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

TELL ME, BIRDIE.

OH TELL me, birdie—tell me true—
 (You don't love me, but I love you).
 Where is your home? Where is your nest?
 When worn with flight where do you rest?

Is it in yonder clambr'ing vine
 That round our porch its stems entwine?
 Or hid is it in deep high grass
 Which bends and sways as zephyrs pass?

Would I hurt you? Oh, no! not I.
 Come, tell me, birdie—why so shy?
 I lift my hand tho' ne'er so light,
 You plume your wings and take your flight.

I've seen your nest—been there to-day—
 Peer'd in it once—then came away;
 Safe left your birdlings—safe—'tis true,
 You don't love me, but I love you.



SYBIL BRADLEY.

THE ISLAND OF BOO.

OH, I know a land where the Willywig grows,
 Where the blossom-bird plays with his bill,
 Where the Bunts stroll about with rings on their toes,
 And the moon makes her home on the hill.

She watches the children, the pretty old moon,
 From her castle above the Boo-Band;

And when she's away on her trip every noon,
The man in the moon takes a hand.

It's the prettiest country you ever did see,
This island far out on the Boo,
With its apple-green sky and its baby-blue tree :
A landscape just ready for two.

There's a nice little bridge made of marshmallow paste,
O'er a lovely hot chocolate stream ;
Silver spoons grow by dozens if you care for a taste,
And a paupau will hand you the cream.

There's nothing to fear in this far-away land,
This island just under the moon,
So bring all the children ; we'll float far away
On the wings of the sweet afternoon.

HELENE McCCLAIN.



A LITTLE TONGUE THAT WOULDN'T TELL TALES.

"COME here, Miss May," said grandma, sternly ;
"I'm grieved as I can be.
I think you have told me a story,
Put out your tongue—let me see."

"There ain't a spot on it, grandma,"
Replied the little elf ;
"'Cause once I told a big story,
And looked in the glass myself."

BLANCHE LETITIA SUE.

SHE'S the sweetest-tempered dolly, but I don't know
what she'll say

When I tell her the sad tidings that she's got to stay
away

From Helen Howard's party. Oh yes, she has
clothes to wear,

But she just can't go—because, you see, I cannot
find her hair!

You know, her hair is woven on a little piece of net;
And she fell into the bath tub yesterday and got so
wet

That when I fished her out again and laid her on dry
land,

Her lovely mass of golden curls fell off into my hand.

I hung them in the window to dry, and went to play,
And when I did remember it—her wig had blown
away!

I've hunted in the cellar and the barn and everywhere,
In the parlor and the coal shed, but I still can't find
her hair.

And now to miss this party! It just will break her
heart;

But she could not go baldheaded 'mong the other
dolls so smart.

I feel I must stay with her,— I must do it for her sake,
Though Helen said she'd have ice cream and fruit
and chocolate cake.

She really has the manners and the patience of a saint;
Although she knows her curls are lost, she utters no
complaint.

If she would only act as I do— sometimes— cry and
scream,
And 'proach me for my carelessness, I wouldn't feel
so mean.

You say you know a gentleman who keeps a false
hair store?

And he has dolly wigs for sale? — The party ain't till
four —

Oh mamma! Quick! My coat and hat! We're going
to buy a new
Light yellow golden head of hair for Blanche Letitia
Sue!

YOUTH'S COMPANION.



THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE.

THE Christmas day was coming, the Christmas eve
drew near;
The fir trees they were talking low, at midnight cold
and clear.

And this was what the fir trees said, all in the pale moonlight:

“Now, which of us shall chosen be to grace the Holy Night?”

The tall trees and the goodly trees raised each a lofty head,

In glad and secret confidence, though not a word they said.

But one, the baby of the band, could not restrain a sigh: “You all will be approved,” he said, “but oh, what chance have I?

“I am so small, so very small, no one will mark or know

How thick and green my needles are, how true my branches grow;

Few toys or candles could I hold, but heart and will are free,

And in my heart of hearts I know I am a Christmas tree.”

The Christmas angel hovered near; he caught the grieving word,

And laughing low he hurried forth, with love and pity stirred.

He sought and found St. Nicholas, the dear old Christmas Saint,

And in his fatherly kind ear rehearsed the fir tree’s plaint.

Saints are all powerful, we know, so it befell that day
That, axe on shoulder, to the grove a woodman took
his way.

One baby girl he had at home, and he went forth to
find

A little tree as small as she, just suited to his mind.

Oh, glad and proud the baby fir, amid its brethren tall,
To be thus chosen and singled out, the first among
them all!

He stretched his fragrant branches, his little heart
beat fast.

He was a real Christmas tree: he had his wish at last.

One large and shining apple with cheeks of ruddy
gold,

Six tapers, and a tiny doll were all that he could hold.
The baby laughed, the baby crowed to see the tapers
bright;

The forest baby felt the joy, and shared in the delight.

And when at last the tapers died, and when the baby
slept,

The little fir in silent night a patient vigil kept.
Though scorched and brown its needles were, it had
no heart to grieve.

"I have not lived in vain," he said. "Thank God for
Christmas eve!"

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE OLD FLAG AGAIN.

MARCH 4, 1897.

FLING out her glorious folds again,
Her stripes and stars exalt,
Until before the eyes of men
She glows from heaven's blue vault
Once more the banner of the free,
In deed, as well as name;
And cursed let the craven be
Who furls our flag in shame!

Fling out her folds! Columbia knows
No dastards when the cry
Of her own sons, 'neath alien guns
Imprisoned, sounds hard by.
Fling out her folds! Let freemen feel
They're not a living lie,
That rifled guns and ships of steel
Protect them where they fly.

There never was, nor shall there be,
While winds and waters flow,
A man, a State, by land or sea,
To lay their honor low!
And most we love their starry pride
When we remember how
To keep them stainless free men died:
They shall be stainless now!

JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.

DOT'S JOURNEY.

"OH! WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"

Said a wayfarer strong to a wee dot of three,
As she toddled along towards a sun-kissed glade;
"Where are you going, wee baby?" said he.

"I'm doin' to hebben, don't 'ou see?"

And she pointed a digit dimpled and white
Unto the sunset's glorious light.

"Don't 'ou see where I tan 'tep 'ight in?"

Oh! that an artist the scene might limn.

"Why do you go so far away, dear,
Papa and mamma will be lonely here?"

"To pay wif my brodder and see all 'is toys
And pritty tings 'ere, an' dirls an' boys."

Then onward she hied where earth and sky kissed,
Her pretty pink toes scarce touching the clay,
As she toddled along in the gathering mist,
Nor tarried, the darling, on her heaven-bound way.

The breeze wafted lightly the tendrils of gold,
O'er orbs that seemed heaven's own azure to hold,
Soon wearied the feet of the baby; soon, too,
Dropped delicate lids over eyes of deep blue.

Soon baby lay down, "dust a minute to rest,"
Then fondly the wayfarer clasped to his breast

The dear little dot he had followed the while,
 And murmuring softly, with tenderest smile :
 "Some day you will go there, wee darling, and may
 The glory of heaven make bright all the way."

Swiftly he sped to a cottage below,
 Where baby was missed but a moment ago ;
 The baby who saw in the sunset bright,
 The gate to the land of heaven's own light.



REVA.

"ONE, TWO, THREE!"

IT WAS an old, old, old, old lady,
 And a boy who was half-past three ;
 And the way that they played together
 Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
 And the boy, no more could he ;
 For he was a thin little fellow,
 With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
 Out under the maple tree ;
 And the game that they played I'll tell you,
 Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
 Though you'd never have known it to be —

With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses one, two, three !

“ You are in the china closet ! ”
He would cry, and laugh with glee —
It wasn't the china closet ;
But he still had two and three.

“ You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key ! ”
And she said : “ You are *warm* and *warmer* ;
But you're not quite right,” said she.

“ It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be —
So it must be the clothespress, gran'ma ! ”
And he found her, with his three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a one and a two and a three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree —

This old, old, old, old lady,
 And the boy with the lame little knee—
 This dear, dear, dear old lady,
 And the boy who was half-past three.

Scribner's Magazine.

H. C. BUNNER.



WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

WHEN mamma was a little girl
 (Or so they say to me),
 She never used to romp and run,
 Nor shout and scream with noisy fun,
 Nor climb an apple tree.
 She always kept her hair in curl,—
 When mamma was a little girl.

When mamma was a little girl
 (It seems to her, you see),
 She never used to tumble down,
 Nor break her doll, nor tear her gown,
 Nor drink her papa's tea.
 She learned to knit, "plain," "seam," and "purl,"
 When mamma was a little girl.

But grandma says,—it must be true,—
 "How fast the seasons o'er us whirl!
 Your mamma, dear, was just like you,
 When she was grandma's little girl!"

GRACE F. COOLIDGE.

DOT'S INFERENCE.

PEAL on peal the thunder rolled,
Flash on flash the lightning gleamed ;
On the storm racked earth it seemed
Not a creature life could hold.

Yet pressed against the window pane
A tiny face with earnest gaze ;
Nor sign of fear, nor of amaze
At flash nor crash nor teeming rain.

The mother, fearful for her child,
Dared not arouse a troubling thought ;
With coaxing word in vain she sought
To lure her from a scene so wild.

At length, with beaming knowing eye,
Sagely said this tot of three :
“ I fink Dod’s lightin’ His stars ; dust see !
He’s ‘ cratchin’ his matches all over the sky ! ”

REVA.



A LESSON FOR MAMMA.

“ DEAR mamma, if you just could be
A tiny little girl like me,
And I your mamma, you would see
How nice I’d be to you.
I’d always let you have your way ;
I’d never frown at you, and say :

'You are behaving ill to-day;
Such conduct will not do.'

"I'd always give you jelly cake
For breakfast, and I'd never shake
My head, and say: 'You must not take
So very large a slice.'

I'd never say: 'My dear, I trust
You will not make me say you *must*
Eat up your oatmeal'; or, 'The crust,
You'll find it very nice.'

"I'd buy you candy every day;
I'd go down town with you, and say:
'What would my darling like? You may
Have anything you see.'

I'd never say: 'My pet, you know
'Tis bad for health and teeth, and so
I cannot let you have it. No;
It would be wrong in me.'

"And every day I'd let you wear
Your nicest dress, and never care
If it should get a great big tear;
I'd only say to you:
'My precious treasure, never mind,
For little clothes *will* tear, I find.'
Now, mamma, wouldn't that be kind?
That's just what *I* should do.

“I’d never say: ‘Well, just a *few!*’
 I’d let you stop your lessons, too;
 I’d say: ‘They are too hard for you,
 Poor child, to understand.’
 I’d put the books and slates away;
 You shouldn’t do a thing but play,
 And have a party every day,
 Ah-h-h, wouldn’t that be grand!

“But mamma dear, you cannot grow
 Into a little girl you know,
 And I can’t be your mamma; so
 The only thing to do
 Is just for you to try and see
 How very, *very* nice ’twould be
 For *you* to do all this for *me*.
 Now, mamma, *couldn’t* you?”



HIS MOTHER’S JOY.

HARRY had heard his mother tell
 Of that happy Easter day,
 When Christ rose glorious from the tomb,
 And drove dark death away.

She smiled as she saw the eager gaze
 Of the little blue-eyed lad;
 But tears welled up, as he softly said:
 “Oh, wasn’t His mother glad!”

AVE MARIA.

A LITTLE MIXED.

"DEAR mamma, who borrowed our meat?" said Fred,
As he ran to his mother's chair.

"Why, what in the world do you mean, my boy?"
And she smoothed his tumbled hair.

"Well, mamma, I heard Hannah say to Tom,
And I didn't know what she meant:

'Sure, Tom, you can't have any meat to-day,
Because, you see, it is Lent.'"

AVE MARIA.



A STRIKE IN A NUTSHELL.

THE kernel of a nut
Took the pistil of a flower,
And called himself the general-in-chief
Of all the nuts around ;
Saying they must own his power,
Or surely they would come to dire grief.

The nuts went on a strike,
For they hadn't any fears
Of the kernel in his new brown suit.
They armed themselves at once
With the sharpest grassy spears,
While trees and shrubs were all prepared to shoot.

But on the battlefield,
Right in everybody's sight,

There bloomed a fleur-de-lis, a snowy flag.
Dame Nature, as was plain,
Wouldn't have her children fight;
So they laughed, and had a grand game of tag.



THE SAILOR'S ANSWER.

A SAILOR, for a foreign shore about to sail away,
Was greeted by an anxious friend, who thus to him
did say:
“I marvel that thou dost not fear the dangers of the
sea:

An enemy most deadly hath it ever been to thee.
Thy father and thy grandsire, too, lie stark beneath
its waves—

Will it not be thy destiny to swell its slimy graves?”

The sailor smiled. “Good sir,” said he, “will death,
then, pass you by?”

“No, surely; but I hope at last upon my bed to die.”

The sailor laughed aloud. “Kind friend, my outlook
is the best.

Some day, perhaps, beside my kin, these weary bones
will rest;

But you, who hope upon your bed, when come the
end, to die,

Within your sire's and grandsire's tomb each livelong
night must lie.”

MARY E. MANNIX.

THE DISOBEDIENT CROCUS.

AN EAGER young crocus, the color of gold,
 Was anxious its blossom in March to unfold.
 "Don't do it, Miss Crocus, we beg of you, dear,"
 Cried roots all around her. "Please stay with us here!"
 "The March wind will catch you, and then you will die."
 "I don't care," said crocus; "I'm going to try."
 So, smoothing her petals, she slipped through the
 ground,
 The sweet yellow blossom, and shyly looked round.
 That very same morning the March wind so cold
 Caught sight of the crocus; and, thinking her bold,
 He nipped the bright blossom; she soon drooped her
 head,
 And when the day vanished, poor crocus was dead.
 That night the roots heard it,—an ant passing by
 Had told them the tidings with many a sigh.
 And all the young blossoms then said they'd obey
 Whatever their elders in future might say.

★ AVE MARIA.

A KINDLY LETTER.

THE letter K got lonesome quite,
 And people called him queer,
 And so he wrote to letter A:
 "My friend and comrade dear,

I wish you'd come and live with me ;
For you and I, 'tis plain,
Are made to rule o'er other folk
In this our great domain.
Our house shall have a roomy L,
Where we may take our E's,
With naught to do the livelong day
Except to tend the B's.
And all who live within our court
Shall wear their hair in Q's;
Sweet P's shall grow around our door,
And green T's shall we use.
Of course we'll travel o'er the C's
To every land we know,
From R's in France to Zuyder Z;
And no man shall we O.
Indeed we'll be so extra Y's,
We'll act as one, not two;
And as you are the first in rank,
Why, I'll be W."

AVE MARIA.



THE LEGEND OF THE FIR TREE.

LITTLE fir tree in the wood,
Birdling in the solitude,
Singing, flying, all the day,—
Little fir tree seems to say :
“ Ah, if I too might wander ! ”

When the dancing sunbeams fall
On the tree tops one and all,
Little fir tree heaves a sigh,
Whisp'ring as the lights flit by :
“ Ah, if I too might wander ! ”

“ Fleecy clouds, in heaven so bright,
O'er a pathway of delight
You may journey and be free :
Only I, poor little tree,
May not roam or wander.”

So the years move on apace ;
Standing in the selfsame place
Towers the fir tree, tall and strong,
Monarch of the leafy throng,
Yearning still to wander.

Lo ! there comes a woodman here,
Scans the forest far and near,
Pauses when our tree is found,
Swings the axe, it clears the ground,
Now the fir will wander.

All his comrades silent stand,
Hushed and sad, on either hand ;
But the fir tree, fallen low,
Is all eager haste to go,—
Longing still to wander.

Soon the trunk, so full and fair,
Is uplifted high in air;
See it rise, a stately mast,
On a ship to stand, at last
Around the world to wander.

Pennons gay now float above;
On its tip a weary dove
Rests a moment and is gone,
Like the fir to journey on,
O'er the seas to wander.

Storm and sunshine, heat and cold,
Languorous calm and tempest bold,—
Through them all, on ocean's breast,
North and south and east and west,
Ever more to wander.

“Birdling in the forest deep,
Sunbeams laughing when you creep,
Happy winds that murmur by,
Fleecy cloudlets floating high,
Like you now I wander.

“But in dark and silent night,
When the moon is cold and bright,
Often times I fain would be
Once again that foolish tree,
Never more to wander.”

THE SANDMAN.

FROM THE GERMAN BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

TWO shining boots upon my feet,
Scarlet and brown my headgear neat,
A golden staff within my hand,
Upon my back a bag of sand ;
And when the silver grains I strew,
The children's eyes, gray, brown, and blue,
Droop lazily, and everywhere
Is heard the sound of evening prayer.
I touch each soft, white, trembling lid,
And every drowsy eye is hid,—
 Hushaby ! lullaby !—
And every drowsy eye is hid.

Then if I have some grains to spare,
I drop them softly, here and there ;
With now a flash and now a gleam,
Until a tender, happy dream,
In the deep silence of the night,
Bathes the pure soul in visions bright.
Peace to each spotless little heart !
Oh childhood's rest, how calm thou art !
Oh childhood's sleep, how sweet and dear,
With God above and angels near,—
 Hushaby ! lullaby !—
With God above and angels near !

AVE MARIA.

THE QUARREL.

“SHE said, ‘I didn’t.’ I said, ‘You did.’
An’ I jammed my thumb with the sharp desk lid ;
An’ I pushed her, and she slapped me,—
An’ that’s the way it began, you see.

“Then she called me an ugly, hateful thing ;
An’ I said she wore an old brass ring ;
An’ she pulled off my long, jet beads,
An’ said they were only melon seeds.

“Just then the ribbon fell off my plait,
An’ she said, ‘Oh, I’m glad of that !’
An’ so when I tried to pick it up,
I stepped on her brand new silver cup.

“An’ she said I meant to — mamma, oh,
I’d never, never do that, you know !”

Round the corner a curly head
Came peeping slowly — the eyes were red ;
Half in sorrow and half in shame,
Nearer the other culprit came.

“Every word is true,” said she ;
“I’m just as sorry as I can be.
I’m the oldest : it was my place
To set a zample to little Grace.”

"Come," said I, "to the garden shrine,
Where Mary waits with the Babe Divine."
And the tear-dimmed eyes were full of light
As they followed me down the pathway bright.

I knew the fountains of peace were stirred;
There I left them without a word,—
Only a kiss on the raven hair,
And one on the wavy ringlets fair.

There I found them when day was done,
In the last red rays of the setting sun;
Hand in hand 'mid the closing flowers,
Singing, "Mary, thy love be ours!"

Ave Maria.

MARY E. MANNIX.



IF I WERE SANTA CLAUS.

IF I were old Santa Claus, girls and boys,
If I had his reindeer and sleigh,
What would I do with all the toys,
What would I do, can anyone say?
Would I go to the houses of warmth and glow,
And load all the trees with a Christmas show?

Ah, well, I'd follow the selfsame light
That shone for the Magi of old,
Going, like Santa, on Christmas night,
To a Crib, all lone and cold,

To a door where poverty seemed to be,
And lo, in there, 'tis a King they see.

My sweet little girls and good little boys,
Like wise men, come do ye the same;
Have ye the love to share your toys,
And greet, in the Infant's name,
Some poor one, your neighbor, whose feet and head
Are bared, and telling his father is dead!

In cheering the lone ones, though humble your
mite,

You are going to Bethlehem,
And would you be Magi on Christmas night,
Your greetings can make you like them.
If you own no treasures, be shepherds with love,
And speak kindly words with the angels above.

For perhaps old Santa sends little birds
Around on Christmas day,
To carry away on their wings the words
That they may hear you say.
And all you have done old Santa shall know,
And, if you've been good, he'll treat you so.

And the Babe Who is King of the Christmas cheer,
And Prince of sweet girls and good boys,
Holds ever the hearts of those little ones dear
Who share with the poor their joys.

And he makes such hearts ring sweet and long
 With the peace and cheer of the Christmas song.

Weekly Bouquet, Paris.

MICHAEL EARLS



GOOD-NIGHT.

THE tales are told, the songs are sung,
 The evening romp is over,
 And up the nursery stairs they climb,
 With little buzzing tongues that chime
 Like bees among the clover.

The starry night is fair without,
 The new moon rises slowly,
 The nursery lamp is burning faint;
 Each white-robed like a little saint,
 Their prayers they murmur lowly.

Good-night! The tired heads are still
 On pillows soft reposing,
 The dim and dizzy mist of sleep
 About their thoughts begin to creep,
 Their drowsy eyes are closing.

Good-night! While through the silent air
 The moonbeams pale are streaming,
 They drift from daylight's noisy shore—
 “Blow out the light and shut the door,
 And leave them to their dreaming.”

AVE MARIA.

A BOY'S BOOK.

"WHEN I am a teacher," said little Tom Kern,
"I'll write a grammar a fellow can learn.
The one I have gives nine parts of speech,
There'll only be one in the book I'll teach.
The rest of the eight, boys'll never more see,—
Indefinite articles all shall be."



THE HUNCHBACK.

"SPEAK to him, papa!" she whispered,
Lifting her innocent eyes,
Pure as the thought of a seraph
Dropped from the innermost skies.
"Listen, dear papa!—poor fellow!
What a sad little song, and how sweet!"
"Darling, he's only a hunchback,
Only a child of the street."

Lingering, she watched him departing.
He looked at her wistfully, long,
Stooping to pick up the penny
Thrown for his pitiful song;
Wondering, perhaps, at the contrast
'Twixt gossamer robes and bare feet—
Only a poor little hunchback,
Only a child of the street.

Sorrow and hope in the balance,
Holding their fear-laden breath,
Softly the golden-haired idol
Talks with the Angel of Death.
“Hark, papa! some one is singing!
Listen, the air is so sweet!
Poor little fellow! — Oh mamma!
What is a child of the street?”

Squalor and poverty brooding
Over a desolate room,
A child with the monarch of terrors
Crouching alone in the gloom.
He murmurs: “The bright little maiden,
She pitied my poor naked feet;
He said I was only a hunchback,
Only a child of the street.”

Close to the portals of heaven
Two angels were nearing their flight,
Far through the depths of the azure
They passed in the silence of night;
Blending a paean immortal,
Melody glorious, sweet—
The voice of the kind little maiden,
The voice of the child of the street.

One, an exotic of beauty,
Born in the gardens of love,

Tenderness folded about it,
 Sunlight and splendor above;
 One, an upgrowth of the byways,
 Plucked from the barrenest sod,—
 Both are abloom and forever,
 Safe in the bosom of God.

Ave Maria.

MARY E. MANNIX.



THE CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.

“AND little feet like ours, and little toes,
 And hair like baby’s, and such pretty eyes,
 And dimpled cheeks just like the red, red rose,—
 Had He the Christ-Child from the high, high skies?”

And so they asked and asked on Christmas eve—
 These little children by the Christmas fire.
 How many fancies did the mother weave
 Around the Manger for their sweet desire !

But o’er and o’er and o’er the question came—
 “And hands like baby’s?—but no rattle fine?”
 Until to ashes turned the household flame.
 “So poor was He?” “No toy—let Him take mine.”

And when the golden heads on pillows lay,
 Like tendriled buds or gilded calyxed flowers,
 Half sleepily she heard the youngest say :
 “Just think, He had no little bed like ours !”

Ave Maria.

M. F. E.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

THE SANDMAN SPEAKS.

A HERALD am I from the Land of Dreams,
And I come at my Lord's command,
Who bids me proclaim, in his mighty name,
The delights of his shadowy land.
For the Land of Dreams is a beautiful land,
Where trouble never is found,
Where you live at ease, and do as you please,
And pleasure and gladness abound.
There are no schools in the Land of Dreams,
And no dreadful lessons annoy.
With romp and play, through the livelong day,
Will your hearts be filled with joy.
They never say "*no*" in the Land of Dreams,
'Tis always "*certainly*" here,
And during your play, there is no one to say,
You mustn't do that, my dear.
In the Land of Dreams, every boy is a prince,
And a princess every maid,
Who joyously reign, with a fairy train
In rainbow tints arrayed.
Then let us away to the Land of Dreams,
To this beautiful, happy land.
Just close your eyes and soon you will rise
And step on its golden strand.

HOMAR F. SARGENT.

WASTED LETTERS.

"TO WASTE is wicked," mamma says;
How very wicked folks must be
To waste the letters so in words
And make the spelling hard for me.

Now what's the use of a "**w**"
Put in "**t-o**" in spelling "**two**"?
And oh, what use can ever be
The letter "**a**" in "**tea**" and "**sea**"?
An "**h**" is thrown away in "**oh**,"
And "**bread**" would sound the same, I know,
If "**a**" was never put in it.
And "**e**" is never needed a bit
In spelling "**hearth**" and "**heart**"; and why
When "**e**" isn't needed in spelling "**high**"
Is it wasted in spelling "**height**"? It's queer
My mamma says that learning costs dear;
Perhaps it may be cheaper some day
When people stop throwing the letters away.
And only to think that in many a word
Three whole letters are never heard!
Who hears "**u-g-h**" in "**though**"?
It's just the same spelled "**t-h-o.**"
The *three* used often, when just as well
One in their place a word would spell!
When "**w**" will finish "**cow**,"
Why waste "**u-g-h**" in "**bough**"?

And, oh dear ! how it puzzles me
 Why an “**f**” should always wasted be
 In “**muff**” and “**snuff**,” for one would do,
 I’m very sure, as well as two.

My mamma says ’tis great, smart men
 Who make the books ; oh, dear me ! when
 They *are* so smart, why don’t they see
 How very, very nice ’twould be
 To save the letters thrown away,
 And make new words of them some day !

MARGARET E. JORDAN.



A, E, I, O, U.

WE ARE just five little letters
 Of the great big alphabet ;
 People always call us vowels,—
 'Mongst the consonants we're set.

All of us but one are equal
 To a word, it will be found ;
 Tho' each word holds other letters,
 We alone could give the sound.

“**Aye**,” “**eye**,” “**oh**,” “**you**,”—please just listen ;
 Then us little vowels name :
A, I, O, U,—now please tell us,
 Are the sounds not just the same ?

"**P**eople" couldn't do without us—

P--**p**l-,— how queer they look!

B--**k**,— nothing's left but covers

 If we're taken from a "**book**"!

P-**n**,— who could tell its meaning?

 But 'tis clear if you put in

Four of us in turn— we'll make it

 "**Pan**," or "**pun**," or "**pen**," or "**pin**."

C-**t**,— who could tell, we wonder,

 What a person meant to say:

"**Cot**," or "**cut**," or "**cat**"— three of us

 Make three words as plain as day

B-**t**,— what is it? You wonder,

 "**Bat**," or "**but**," or "**bet**," or "**bit**";

All four words you'll have whenever

 Four of us take turns in it.

Reading, writing, speaking, people

 Always need our help, and yet

What are we but five small letters

 Of the great big alphabet?

When five humble little vowels

 Are of such great use to man,

Little things must all have places

 In the great eternal plan.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

LITTLE NUT PEOPLE.

OLD Mistress Chestnut once lived in a burr
Padded and lined with the softest of fur.
Jack frost split it wide with his keen little knife,
And tumbled her out at the risk of her life.

Here is Don Almond, a grandee from Spain,
Some raisins from Malaga came in his train.
He has a twin brother a shade or two leaner,
When both come together we shout, "Philopena!"

This is Sir Walnut, he's English, you know,
A friend of my Lady and Lord So-and-so.
Whenever you ask old Sir Walnut to dinner,
Be sure you have wine for the gouty old sinner.

Little Miss Peanut from North Carolina,
She's not 'ristocratic, but no nut is finer.
Sometimes she's roasted and burnt to a cinder;
In Georgia they call her Miss Goober, or Pinder.

Little Miss Hazelnut in her best bonnet
Is lovely enough to be put in a sonnet;
And young Mr. Filbert has journeyed from Kent,
To ask her to marry him soon after Lent.

This is old Hickory; look at him well,
A general was named for him, so I've heard tell.
Take care how you hit him. He sometimes hits back!
This stolid old chap is a hard nut to crack.

Old Mr. Butternut, just from Brazil,
Is rugged and rough as the side of a hill;
But like many a countenance quite as ill-favored,
He covers a kernel deliciously flavored.

Here is a Southerner, graceful and slim,
In flavor no nut is quite equal to him.
Ha! Monsieur Pecan, you know what it means
To be served with black coffee in French New Orleans.

Dear little Chinquapin, modest and neat,
Isn't she cunning and isn't she sweet?
Her skin is as smooth as a little boy's chin,
And the squirrels all chatter of Miss Chinquapin.

PEARL RIVERS.



MARY'S LAMB

MARY had a little lamb,
 And liked it very much;
It pleased her better far than birds,
 Or ducks and geese, and such.

Whenever Mary came from school,
 Her mother quick she sought,
And gave her not a moment's peace,
 Until the lamb was brought.

And everywhere that Mary went
 The lamb was sure to go,

Because when asked if she'd have more,
She never answered "No."

What made dear Mary like the lamb,
Does anyone inquire?
Because she knew how good it was,
When roasted by the fire.

And when served up with good mint-sauce
And fresh green peas, you'll know
How 'tis yourself, and understand
Why Mary liked it so.



MARY'S CONTRITION.

MARY was a naughty girl,
And fond of currant jam,
Wherewith whene'er she got a chance
She greedily would cram.

Her mother lost the key one day
Which locks the storeroom door
And Mary found it where it lay
Upon the kitchen floor.

She grasped the key in guilty haste
And to the storeroom ran,
Unlocked the door, climbed on a chair,
And then the fun began.

Now currant jam and little girls
Do not always agree;
Such was the case with Mary,
As we presently shall see.

Her mother found her stretched at length
And weeping on the floor—
No need there was to ask the cause,
There stood the open door.

In accents stern the mother spake:
“ My child, 'tis sad I am
To see confession on your face
Outlined in currant jam.”

“ It's not because of pain I weep,”
Cried Mary from the floor,
“ It is because I'm full of jam,
And can't eat any more.”



IN THE BARNYARD.

SUCH a clatter!
What's the matter?
Stop this fearful noise I beg!
Henny Penny,
One of many,
Has, they say, just laid an egg!

How they cackle,
Gray and Speckle,
White and Black, and Little Red Hen;
Every minute,
They begin it,
Now they stop, then start again.

Ducky Daddles,
Flops and paddles,
Splashing in the water pail;
Turkey Lurkey,
Proud and jerky,
Lifts his head and spreads his tail.

Poor old Goosie,
Goosie Poosie,
Cranes her long neck in surprise;
Bows in walking,
As though talking,
Squawks and winks her big red eyes.

How they clack it!
Such a racket,
They won't stop, altho' you beg;
So they go it,
All must know it,
Henny Penny's laid an egg!

D. L. PECK

THE CAT'S BATH.

AS PUSSY sat washing her face by the gate,
A nice little dog came to have a good chat;
And after some talk about matters of state,
Said with a low bow, " My dear Mrs. Cat,
I really do hope you'll not think I am rude;
I am curious, I know, and that you may say —
Perhaps you'll be angry — but no, you're too good —
Pray why do you wash in that very odd way?
Now I every day rush away to the lake,
And in the clear water I dive and I swim;
I dry my wet fur with a run and a shake,
And am fresh as a rose and neat as a pin.
But you any day in the sun may be seen,
Just rubbing yourself with your little red tongue;
I admire the grace with which it is done —
But really, now, are you sure you get yourself clean?"
The cat, who sat swelling with rage and surprise,
At this, could no longer her fury contain;
For she had always supposed herself rather precise,
And of her sleek neatness had been somewhat vain;
So she flew at poor doggy and boxed both his ears,
Scratched his nose and his eyes, and spit in his face,
And sent him off yelping; from which it appears
Those who ask prying questions may meet with
disgrace.

A RUNAWAY RIDE.

LITTLE Dot, in gray coat and white mittens
And a blue bow under her chin,
Ran away one bright winter morning,
When the train came thundering in.

“ Me wants a ride,” she said to herself,
As she trotted across the street.

“ Me climb in the cars,” said the little elf,
And she quietly took a seat.

She looked through the window, humming a song,
Quite happy and free from care;
She seemed not to think of doing wrong,
Nor to want her mamma near.

Now Dot, there comes the conductor,
What are you going to do
Without either ticket or money?
But the conductor passed on through.

Toot, toot! Train stops, but Dot does not stir,
And shows not a mite of surprise
When a pretty faced lady in a coat of brown fur
Sits beside her and looks in her eyes.

“ Are you lost little pet?” Dot shook her head.
“ Here’s a cake,” Dot could not refuse;
Then she curled herself up as if going to bed,
And was soon in a comforting snooze.

Train stopped again, a gentleman walked in,
Looked about him from left hand to right,
Saw Dot, picked her up and then hurried out
To the station, hugging her tight.

He looked very kind and patted her head,
Little Dot had a notion to cry.
"I must take you straight back to Boston," he said,
And Dot did not even ask why.

"What a bad little girl to run away thus;
She deserves to be sent right to bed.
Little girl? why no! 'twas a little gray puss
That could not be scolded, but fed.



FIVE LITTLE BROTHERS.

FIVE little brothers set out together
To journey the livelong day.
In a curious carriage all made of leather
They hurried away, away!
One big brother, and three quite small,
And one wee fellow, no size at all.

The carriage was dark and none too roomy,
And they could not move about,
The five little brothers grew very gloomy,
And the wee one began to pout,

Till the biggest one whispered "What do ye say?
Let's leave the carriage and run away!"

So out they scampered, the five together,
And off and away they sped! —

When somebody found that carriage of leather
Oh my! how she shook her head.

'Twas her little boy's shoe, as every one knows,
And the five little brothers were five little toes.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



THE CRICKET AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A LITTLE black cricket sat moping one day,
Alone in a woody retreat,
When a wandering butterfly, coming that way,
Alighted almost at his feet.

"Most beautiful, sure, of all beautiful things!
And, see! how coquettish and bold!
Was ever such color? Just look at his wings,
All azure and purple and gold!

"How charming a life, to be passing the hours
In roaming about at his will!
Just sipping the sweets of the daintiest flowers,
And of luxury taking his fill!

"Ah! me! what a different fortune is mine!
How partial Dame Nature must be,

Who gives to the butterfly everything fine,
And nothing worth having to me."

While thus the young cricket lamented his fate,
And counted his Maker to blame,
Right into the meadow, with mischief elate,
A bevy of children there came.

And straight at the butterfly every one goes,
With bonnet, or kerchief, or cap.
Too late he attempts to escape from his foes;
He's caught in a treacherous trap!

Off comes a leg in the terrible strife,
And now he has lost a wing,
And now another; and now his life,
Poor little mangled thing!

"Sure, merciful heaven is kind to me!"
Was the cricket's penitent moan;
"There are greater griefs than mine, I see,
And each must suffer his own.

"A poor little cricket, so homely and shy,
From envy has nothing to fear;
While beauty—like that of the butterfly—
May cost a great deal too dear!"

“THE NEW YEAR’S WISHES.”

TIME flies, and bears in its flight
The Old Year, sad and sweet,
To eternity’s shore,
Where the loved and the loving ones meet,
Ne’er to part evermore.

I’m the New Year, with hopes and wishes,
To greet our cherished pastor.
It makes our hearts overflow with glee
Thy kindly presence here to see.

Come hither, my daughters,
Your wishes repeat, that his bark
O’er life’s troubled waters
May heavenward glide
And repose in sweet peace
In your Saviour’s dear side.
Come, you’re young we all know,
Still young hearts may show
That thoughts and wishes kindly may flow,
For honored worth and manly strength,
Devoted to a glorious cause.
Speak January, my first born,
Let us hear
The wishes of thy early morn,
The graces thou wouldst have adorn
A pastor ever dear.

JANUARY.

The blessing of those little ones,
For whom in memory of His word
Thou did'st open heaven's gate
To enjoy sweet union with their Lord.

FEBRUARY.

The penitent doth freely give
A grateful fervent prayer,
To him who always bids them live
With pure hearts and conscience fair.

MARCH.

To Joseph, the pure and just,
My prayer for thee shall rise
When from this earthly home of dust
Thy chastened spirit flies.

APRIL.

In spring's fair morn, what shall I ask?
Yes—now I know and humbly plead,
Long life, good health, and spirit free,
To aid thee in thy noble task.

MAY.

Mary, our Queen of lovely May,
To thee our prayers ascend,
For him who meets us here to-day,
That thou may'st guard him to the end.

JUNE.

Oh, Priest of God, thou dost impart
The treasures of that burning Heart,
So thou shalt share, here and above,
In that rich promise of Its love.

JULY.

The Precious Blood so freely flown,
For each, for all, for us, for thee,
A soothing balm in all our woes,
May it thy comfort ever be.

AUGUST.

A rest from all vexation
Is what I wish sincerely,
So I'll send the children home
For a good long vacation.

SEPTEMBER.

And I will bring them back once more,
With faces bright and hearts so light,
Where it will be a happy sight
To meet thee, Father, as in days of yore.

OCTOBER.

May angels e'er attend thee,
Keep guard from dawn till night,
Awaiting the summons to bear thee
From this to eternity's light.

NOVEMBER.

With mournful sounds I come,
Tho' grateful is the strain
From loving souls that burn,
In their prison house of pain.

DECEMBER.

I am the last, tho' not the least,
Of all the little busy throng,
For I do bear upon my breast,
The Infant Holy, God's own Son.

NEW YEAR.

Now, dear Father, our mission ended,
In all thy fervent prayers we ask,
That thoughts of thy children be blended,
Who all have sought thy presence here,
To wish thee, with true grateful hearts,
A holy, happy, glad New Year !



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